

# Trudy

## Johnny Carroll

Call up Trudy on the telephone  
Send a letter in the mail  
Tell her, I'm hung up in Dallas  
And they won't let me outta this jail  
And if she asks you how I'm fairing  
Tell her, I'm just about to lose my mind  
Worried about old Johnny Lee Walker  
And the girl I left behind  
Now Johnny Lee Walker was a card mechanic  
Had a hand for trouble and a eye for cash  
Luckiest man in Dallas County  
He had a gold watch chain and a black mustache  
And he loved his whiskey and he loved his women  
Drove a big long Cadillac limousine  
Kept a big fine fancy townhouse in Dallas  
And a hotel suite in New Orleans  
Carried a switchblade knife in his left hip pocket  
And a 44 hog leg up under his coat  
Cut you down in a New York minute  
If he catch you cheating that was all she wrote  
So call up Trudy on the telephone  
Send her a letter in the mail  
Tell her, I'm hung up in Dallas  
And they won't let me outta this jail  
If she asks you how I'm fairing  
Tell her, I'm just about to lose my mind  
Worried about old Johnny Lee Walker  
And the girl I left behind  
I just got to town last Friday evening  
Sure as hell didn't mean to stay  
I was on my way back to Louisiana  
Had a powerful thirst and six months pay  
I met a peroxide blonde in a bar on D-ville  
I was flying high and feeling mean  
Poured down a bottle and a half of red eye  
I dropped 35 dollars in the slot machine  
And the boys in the back was dealing 7 card  
I set down and won me a 110  
I was raking in chips like Grant took Richmond  
Till big Johnny Lee come a strolling in  
He ripped off the bar like a 707  
Pretty soon he done won all of my bread  
I accused him of cheating he reached for a pistol  
I grabbed a chair and went upside of his head  
Then I took off a running like a motorcycle  
Heard the bullets whining and sirens wail  
But it took half the cops in Dallas County  
Just to put one coon ass boy in jail  
So call up Trudy on the telephone

Send her a letter in the mail  
Tell her, I'm hung up in Dallas  
And they won't let me outta this jail  
And if she asks you how I'm fairing  
Tell her, I'm just about to lose my mind  
Worried about old Johnny Lee Walker  
And the girl I left behind So call up Trudy on the telephone  
Send her a letter in the mail  
Tell her, I'm hung up in Dallas  
And they won't let me outta this jail  
And if she asks you how I'm fairing  
Tell her, I'm just about to lose my mind  
Worried about old Johnny Lee Walker  
And the girl I left behind So call up Trudy on the telephone  
Send her a letter in the mail

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